

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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VOL. 60.—No. 47.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1882.

PRICE 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY, Nov. 25, at Three o'clock. The programme will comprise Overture, *Leonor*, No. 2, in C (Beethoven); Violin Concerto, No. 4, in D (Vieuxtemps); Gavotte, "Elegance and Grace"; "Yellow Jasmine," from Suite "The Language of the Flowers" (F. H. Cowen); violin solo, Spanish Dances (Sarasate); Symphony No. 10, in C (Schubert). Vocalist, Mr Maas. Violin, Miss Anna Harkness (Premier Prix du Conservatoire de Paris, 1881) (her first appearance at the Crystal Palace). Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—17th Season.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—SECOND and LAST EVENING BALLAD CONCERT this year at ST JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Evening, at Eight o'clock. Artists: Miss Mary Davies, Miss Edith Santley, and Mme Antoinette Sterling; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Maybrick, and Mr Santley. Violin—Mme Norman-Néruda. The South London Choral Association of Sixty Voices, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Family Tickets, to admit Six to Stalls, 2s; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. To be had of Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

MORNING BALLAD CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY, Dec. 6, at Three o'clock. Artists: Miss Mary Davies, Miss Clara Samuell, and Mme Antoinette Sterling; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Maybrick, and Mr Santley. Violin—Mme Norman-Néruda. The South London Choral Association of Sixty voices, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—Mr Sidney Naylor. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Family Tickets, to admit Six to Stalls, 2s; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. To be had of Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

ST JAMES'S HALL.—ST ANDREW'S DAY, THURSDAY next, Nov. 30th.—THE GRAND ANNUAL SCOTCH BALLAD CONCERT, at Eight o'clock. Miss Agnes Ross, Mme Bertini, Miss Helen Meason, the Misses Allitson, Mrs Sims Reeves, and Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Walter Clifford, and Mr Santley. Violoncello—Siguror Piatto, who will play his *Fantasia on Scotch Airs*, arranged expressly for this occasion. The Glasgow Select Choir (Conductor—Mr James Allan) is specially engaged for this National Festival Concert, and will sing the part songs and national Scotch melodies, as performed (by special request) before Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral. Conductors—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR, Mr JAMES ALLAN, and Mr J. B. ZERRINI. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 2s., and 1s., at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Austin's Ticket Office, 2s., Piccadilly; and usual Agents.

G. NAPOLEONE CAROZZI, late Musical Conductor of the G. Cathedral of Como, Italy, begs to inform the Musical Public that he ASSISTS and IMPROVES STUDENTS in SINGING, especially those who, from nature or habit, have contracted, or are liable to contract, Defects compromising their ultimate success as Vocalists.

He obtains the most beneficial results by inculcating the practice of the ancient Italian Rules of Vocal Art, and also by employing contrivances invented by himself which have received honourable mention at the National Musical Exhibition of Milan, 1881.

Testimonials from many whose patronage he has enjoyed, and who are now superior Singers.

Address—282, Regent Street, or care of Mr LAMBORN COCK, Holles Street, W.

PURSUANT to a Judgment of the High Court of Justice (Chancery Division) in an Action in the Matter of this Estate of Mary Ann Earl Williams, "Hadley against Mullen," 1882 W., No. 3006.—THE CREDITORS of MARY ANN EARL WILLIAMS, late of Hanover Park, Rye Lane, Peckham, in the County of Surrey, widow (who died on or about the 13th of May, 1882), are, on or before the 16th day of December, 1882, to send by post, prepaid, to Mr Alexander Swaine Croome, of the firm of Messrs Courtenay, Croome, & Son, of No. 9, Gracechurch Street, in the City of London, solicitors for the defendants, the executors of the will of the above-named Mary Ann Earl Williams, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them; or in default thereof they will be summarily excluded from the benefit of the said Judgment. Every Creditor holding any security is to produce the same before the Honourable Mr Justice Fry, at his Chambers, situated at the Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, Middlesex (Room 706), on Tuesday, the 19th day of December, 1882, at Twelve of the clock at noon, being the time appointed for adjudicating on the claims. Dated the 16th day of November, 1882.

EDWARD SHEARME, Chief Clerk.

BAKER, FOLDER, & UPPERTON, 52, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, London, W.C., Solicitors for the Plaintiffs.

MADAME CARADORI, the once well-known Operatic *prima donna*, widow of Mr F. W. Kreutzer, the great violinist, is unable, through misfortune and failing health, to support herself by teaching as she has done for years past, and now appeals to the generosity of the Profession, art-loving Public, and Amateurs, to assist her in her distress. Donations will be thankfully received by Mr DUNCAN DAVISON, Office of the *Musical World*, 244, Regent Street, London, W., who will kindly forward the same to the artiste.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED:

Edwin Ashdown, Esq. ... £5 5 0 | Charles Oberthür, Esq. ... £1 1 0

SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. Sixteenth Season, 1882. The following dates are fixed for the SOIREE MUSICALE, for the introduction of Artists, viz.—

FRIDAY (ST JAMES'S HALL)... ... December 1st, 1882.
WEDNESDAY December 13th, ..
WEDNESDAY December 27th, ..

Prospectus and full particulars on application to

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ESTABLISHED 1881.

President—SIR ROBERT P. STEWART, Mus. Doc.

CONDUCTOR—MR M. ST JOHN ROBINSON.

UNDER very distinguished Patronage this Society has RE-COMMENCED ITS WEEKLY REHEARSALS for the Second Winter Season. The next Concert will be given in November. Ladies and Gentlemen desiring to become Active or Honorary Members are requested to address—THE CONDUCTOR, at 5, Blomfield Crescent, Westbourne Terrace, W.

ST GEORGE'S SCHOOL, BRAMPTON, HUNTINGDON.

TWO CHOIR EXHIBITIONS, of the value of £20 a year each, will be Competed for in December next. Candidates must not be over Twelve years of age, and preference will be given to boys who have already had some training and can read music. Practices do not interfere with the regular school work. Applications should be sent in to the Rev. R. H. WIX, M.A., Head Master, on or before December 9th.

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YOUNG MAN WANTED for Music Warehouse (Scotland). Must have good knowledge of Catalogues, and be active. State age, experience, wages required. Send references and carte to "P. S.," Messrs Novello, Ewer & Co., Berners Street.

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"We have little doubt the song will hold its own.....The melody is characteristic of the words, and the pianoforte accompaniment easy."—*Musical World*. WEEKES & Co., 14, Hanover Street, Regent Street, W., or the Composer.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will play at St James's Hall, on Tuesday Evening, the 28th inst., Solos by F. Chopin and J. Raff, on one of Messrs Broadwood's Concert Grand Pianos.—38, Oakley Square.

[Nov. 25, 1882.]

PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION, 1878, CLASS XIII.
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"A great deal of information as to what is generally called Thorough Bass is presented in a concise form, as well as the principles of Harmony."—*Orchestra.*
 LAMBORN COCK, 23, Holles Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

"FLOWERS OF MEMORY."

MR HERBERT REEVES will sing his new Song, "FLOWERS OF MEMORY" at Brighton, Nov. 27th; Taunton, Dec. 4th; Plymouth, 6th; Torquay, 8th; Exeter, 11th; and Bath, 15th.

"GRASP THE FLAG."

HUGH CLENDON'S new Patriotic Song, "GRASP THE FLAG," will be sung at every Military Banquet during the Season.

"LOGIC."

"LOGIC," H. C. HILLER'S New Song, will be sung by Miss BERRIE STEPHENS at New Cross, Nov. 29th; and Highbury, Dec. 5th. (Published by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.)

"DIDST THOU BUT KNOW."

MISS J. WILLIAMS will sing BALFE'S popular song, "DIDST THOU BUT KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE THEE" ("SI TU SAYAIS") at the Concert to be given on the opening of the "Finsbury Corner Working Men's Club," at Mitcham, on Monday evening next, Nov. 27th.

"THE RETURN OF THE ARMY."

MR FREDERIC PENNA'S Military Duet for tenor and Bass will be sung at the Banquet of the "Irrational Knot," St James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 6th, by Mr WALTER JARVIS (Amateur) and the Composer. ("The Return of the Army" is published by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.)

"THAT DAY."

MISS JOSÉ SHERRINGTON will sing "THAT DAY" (TOSTI) at Paisley To-Day (Saturday), Nov. 25th, and at Sunderland, Dec. 9th. (Published by RICORDI, Regent Street.)

"DOLLY."

MISS MAUD CAMERON will sing H. C. HILLER'S new Song, "DOLLY," at Neumeyer Hall, on Wednesday evening next, Nov. 29.

"OH, BUY MY FLOWERS!"

MISS COSFORD will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S popular Song, "OH, BUY MY FLOWERS" (by desire), at the first Concert of the season of the Northampton Quartet Association, Dec. 7th.

"OH, BUY MY FLOWERS!"

MADAME CARRIE REEVES will sing, at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, on Thursday, Nov. 30th, and also at her Benefit Concert (by desire), at Morley Hall, Hackney, on Dec. 13th, WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S popular Song, "OH, BUY MY FLOWERS!"

"DAN CUPID."

MISS MADELINE HARDY will sing HILLER'S new Song, "DAN CUPID," at Clapham, on December 4th.

Just Published.

SAVE ME, O GOD!

MOTETT (FOR SOPRANO, ALTO, TENOR, AND BASS).

Composed by

M. W. BALFE.

Set to English Words and Arranged with Accompaniment for the Organ by WM. ALEX. BARRETT.

Price 6d. net.

London: NOVELLO, EWER & Co., 1, Berners Street, W.; and

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N.B.—The above Motet was performed on the occasion of unveiling the tablet erected in memory of Balfie in Westminster Abbey.

BALFE: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

BY

WM. ALEXANDER BARRETT.

With Six Illustrations.

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REMINGTON & Co., 134, New Bond Street, W.

Just Published.

OUT OF TOWN.

A SET OF HUMOROUS PART-SONGS FOR MIXED VOICES.

(With or without Accompaniment.)

No. 1. A GLIMPSE OF THE PASTORAL. No. 2. A MIDSUMMER DREAM.

3. THE CHARM OF RURAL LIFE.

4. BEWARE OF THE BULL!

5. IN THE WOODS.

6. ON THE WATER.

7. THE PICNIC.

8. GOOD BYE!

Written and Adapted by

WALTER MAYNARD.

Price 3s. net.

(Separate Numbers, 6d. net.)

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

N.B.—The right of performance not reserved.

"Out of Town" is the comprehensive title of a set of eight humorous part-songs, for mixed voices, with optional accompaniment, composed by Walter Maynard, and published by Duncan Davison & Co., Regent Street. They all have a spice of the pastoral element, but are not so easy as to incur the risk of being despised by practised part-singers. No. 4, 'Beware of the Bull,' is a lively trifle, and another of the more taking numbers is 7, 'The Picnic,' descriptive of the opening of the hamper, the spreading of the banquet beneath the trees, and the incursion of wasps, the male voices imitating the buzz of the objectionable insect by repeating the word 'Zum.'—*Daily Chronicle.*

"Out of Town."—Well worthy of their title are *Out of Town*, a set of humorous part songs for mixed voices, by Walter Maynard, who does most wisely in stating that 'the right of performance is not reserved.' No. 1, 'A Glimpse of the Pastoral,' expresses pity for all who are compelled to stay in town during summer time; Nos. 2 and 3 are adapted to melodies from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the one called by the same title, the other, 'The Charms of Rural Life,' to the sprightly air known as 'The Clown's Dance.' No. 4 will cause plenty of laughter and fun. 'Beware of the Bull' is its title; both words and music are well suited for a Christmas festive gathering. There is a mock gravity about No. 5, 'In the Woods,' which will also provoke mirth, if not quite so boisterous as its predecessor. No. 6, 'On the Water,' No. 7, 'The Picnic,' in which a very good effect is introduced by the male voices imitating the buzzing of a wasp; and No. 8, 'Good Bye,' are equally funny in their way. We can most cordially recommend this amusing volume to our readers for Christmastide.—*Graphic.*

Out of Town.—Taken altogether it is a very rare specimen of light, but yet classical, music. The partition of voice parts is clever, and has the great advantage of being simple, so that the pieces can be got up without difficulty, even by amateurs. The first piece, 'A Glimpse of the Pastoral,' is taken from Beethoven's beautiful Pastoral Symphony, in which the great master so dexterously carries you into the sounds of country life that you might almost imagine yourself strolling with him through his loved favourite groves of Währing. The close of this movement takes you by a clever modulation from F to B flat, and dashes you into a dream, taken from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Mendelssohn. This is a celebrated gem. No. 3, 'The Charms of Rural Life,' again borrows from Mendelssohn the Harvest Dance, and is cleverly partitioned for the voice quartet. No. 4, 'Beware of the Bull,' shows what Walter Maynard can do in original composition, and though not the best of the set, exhibits literary and artistic capacity, being eminently dramatic. Nos. 5 and 6, 'In the Woods' and 'On the Water,' are very pretty specimens of 'Imitation' style, and are very effective. No. 7, 'The Picnic,' is a very jolly glee, opening in a minor strain, it quickly dashes into a major tone, then takes the character of a *chanson à boire*, and finally ends with a pretty scene imitating a wasp humming, such as a picnic party might meet on their outing. No. 8, 'Good Bye,' is a joyous leave-taking, ending in a rather sentimental strain, reminding you of 'Home, Sweet Home.' The entire collection is very clever, quite popular, and yet classical."

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 719.)

The score of the *Deux Journées* is in truth marvellous, and we may assert that the artist who produced a work so powerful, so equal in all its parts, and so prodigiously well balanced, was a man of genius and a master among masters. If the overture is not distinguished by an abundant flow of varied melody, and if it strikes us now-a-days as rather too much subjected to formula, properly so-called, it is at any rate written by a master-pen, constructed on a plan of rare solidity, and scored with astounding skill. The composer does not give the reins to his genius in Antonio's somewhat pale romance, or even in Mikeli's pleasing *aria*, but the moment we come to the fine trio of Constance, Armand, and Mikeli, we perceive with whom we have to deal. This joyous, lively, and highly coloured number, so rapid and full of movement, is written with incomparable certainty and firmness of hand, and modulated with charming grace, while the orchestra, sonorous and full, is marked by sovereign elegance. And what a style! and how well it is all presented on the stage! In the dramatic duet where Armand's wife, Constance, tells him, de-pite his prayers, that she will share his dangers and his perils, other qualities are revealed in the composer. Full of warmth, as pathetic and vigorous as it is possible to be, vehement and passionate in accent, and conducted with incomparable art, this duet exhibits extraordinary sharpness of outline, vigour of touch, and expressive power. As for the finale, superb, highly worked up, full of nobleness and dramatic force, it is a page of the first order. Yet, though it is divided into several episodes, each with its own individual value, and though these episodes contain in endless succession, according to the exigencies of the scene, oppositions and contrasts, the number is luminous in form, powerful in style, and of limpid clearness, while the orchestra, ample, solid, and astonishingly uniform with all its variety, is full of nervousness and colour. To those who are fond of eccentric modulations, we might recommend as a model for imitation of simplicity the modulation which connects the second with the first part of this number: to pass from E minor to G major, the composer contents himself with placing successively on the tonic of the note of E minor the chords of the augmented fifth and sixth, which cause it to fall, in the most natural way in the world, on the dominant of the note of G major! in two bars the thing is done and the new key is as firmly established as it would be with certain outrageous and exasperating harmonic efforts which are perhaps a little too much the fashion at the present day. With regard to the second and the third act, in which each number forms an integral portion of the dramatic action, and is, so to speak, welded to it, I have nothing to say in addition to what was said of them above; like the editor of the *Tablettes de Polyommie*, I can only admire the powerful genius of the artist who, as though in play, could surmount so many difficulties, and, under such circumstances, succeed in charming and moving his hearers. In reality it is not too much to assert that the score of the *Deux Journées* is a masterpiece, and we can only express regret that it has so completely disappeared from the French stage, of which it ought to be the glory and eternal honour.

Before leaving it, I will return to the history of the first performance and cite, according to Bouilly himself, and without altering anything in his account, a rather original anecdote, told by him in his *Récapitulations*. I would not think of suppressing a single word.

"On the first Sunday that the *Deux Journées* was performed," he says, "the Théâtre Feydeau was crowded with a large number of persons belonging to the lower classes, among them being some water-carriers, who had slipped in with them and filled the second and the third gallery. The piece produced even more effect than usual, and bravos emanating from broad and sonorous chests re-echoed, as though viewing with each other, from the cheap places. The next morning, about ten o'clock, twelve Water-Carriers in their working dress and with their leather shoulder-straps crossed over their back, appeared at my residence. The orator of the party had an enormous and magnificent nosegay, which he offered me, saying at the same time in his half-French, half-Savoyard jargon:—

"Beg pardon, Sir, if we intrude, but when the heart speaks it cannot be resisted." "What is it you want, my good friends?" "To thank you, in the name of all the water-carriers, for the honour you

have done us by this masterpiece on the stage, where, blood and thunder! you have drawn us in such a way . . . that it made us cry, neither more nor less than if we had been a lot of little children." "I painted you as what you are, worthy and excellent men, and as you deserve to be painted." "Well, it all amounts to this, that, in the first place, I have come to beg you will accept these flowers as a mark of our gratitude, and then give us permission . . ." "Permission to do what?" "To supply your house with water for a year, gratis, of course. It is settled with all my mates of this part of the town. Each will have his week; it will be kind of you to do so." "I am profoundly touched by your offer, which flatters as much as it honours me. . . . But permit me to accept only these beautiful flowers, which I would not exchange for a crown." "Oh, do not refuse us, confound it! That would grieve us too much. . . . Like a good fellow as you are, do not refuse us." "Your time and labour are too necessary for the support of your families for me to think of being supplied by your unremunerated exertions and labour. Let us say no more on the subject, my good friends. . . . If my piece made your heart beat, believe me your offer makes mine beat quite as much, and will never be effaced from my memory. . . . As for the flowers, I shall deck my wife and daughter with them, but I promise to keep one which will remind me all my life of this charming interview." With these words I ordered up some old bottles of my best wine, and we toasted each other in the frankest and most expressive fashion, accompanied with mutual protestations of devotion and esteem. I put one of the flowers of the magnificent nosegay under the glass shade beneath which I had placed the Abbé de l'Épée's bust. I still preserve these objects in my gallery, and every time my eye falls on them, they remind me of my double success and of the most gratifying epoch in my dramatic career."

As a matter of course, *Les Deux Journées* was long a stock-piece at the Opéra-Comique, where it was revived on numerous occasions. I believe, however, that the last revival took place forty years ago, and was that got up in April, 1842. Cherubini died on the 15th of March previous, and, after long neglecting his works, the manager of the above theatre, hoping, doubtless, to derive some profit from existing circumstances and to re-awaken public feeling in its favour, determined on bringing out again the deceased composer's masterpiece, and on accompanying its performance with one of those acts of posthumous homage whose only fault is to express rather tardily the gratitude due to a great artist. With regard to Cherubini, this fact was so true and the ingratitude had been so glaring, that a writer who certainly could not pass as an enthusiast in music, Théophile Gautier, was unable to restrain a cry of indignation on the subject. Here are the bitter words wrung from the author of *La Jeune France* and *Mademoiselle de Maupin* by this revival, followed by "a ceremony in honour of Cherubini":

"Of a certainty, respect for the dead is a fine thing, but respect for the living would be something still finer.—Yesterday, you were only an eccentric, maniacal, insupportable personage; the papers could not speak sarcastically enough of you personally and of your talent. You were deficient in this and that, and a good many other things besides.—To-day, you are dead, and, without any intermediate stage, the voices which abused you yesterday simply form an elegiac chorus. What a loss art has just suffered! Irreparable disaster! Sun for ever concealed below the horizon! What a great nature and what a great genius! From the time of the Saviour, one must pass through the tomb before becoming a god; the door of the sepulchral vault is the true door of Heaven.—This applies to all, even to the most obscure. Though you may have been a bad husband, a bad father, a detestable citizen, without shame and without faith, die, and you will be supplied, in lapidary style, with a certificate of every virtue. A savage able to read, who, as he walked through our cemeteries, deciphered the epitaphs, would ask himself how living beings so corrupted could produce such virtuous dead.

"Cherubini's decease has furnished a superb opportunity for a number of dithyrambics, which, had they come a little sooner, would have gently delighted the old man's heart. M. Ingres, at least, did not wait till the illustrious maestro was laid in his coffin to have him crowned by the Muse. The revival of Cherubini's *Deux Journées* will add nothing to his glory. . . . The performance ended with a sort of apotheosis of him; a plaster bust was crowned with laurel; then someone recited verses written by M. Emile Deschamps, and sparkling with cleverness like everything he does, and a short and rather touching piece by M. Bouilly, which finishes with a very fine line:

"Un grand homme s'endort, mais il ne meurt jamais."

"A chorus from Cherubini's *Blanche de Provence*, adapted to words written for the occasion, was then executed more than feebly.

* Which has no equivalent in English.—TRANSLATOR.

Thus terminated the posthumous ovation for which M. Crosnier had gone to no expense and the execution of which he had entrusted to the second and third rate members of his company.*

For a sceptical and impassible being like Théophile Gautier to decide on giving vent to his ill-humour, the oblivion and contempt in which even Cherubini's most famous works had fallen for so many years, must, the reader will allow, have struck every one as very unjust, very insulting, and very cruel.

Let us now resume the thread of our narrative. While *Les Deux Journées* was achieving so great a success at the Théâtre Feydeau, Cherubini was preparing, with an equally important work, to make his first appearance at the Théâtre Favart. But he was not alone in venturing on this experiment, and his name was on this occasion to be associated with that of Méhul, his most worthy rival and best friend. Demoustier, the ingenious but somewhat insipid author of the too famous *Lettres à Emilie*, had written the libretto of a three-act comic opera, the subject of which was Epicurus, after whom the libretto was named. By what singular aberration of intellect did two artists of the importance and stamp of Méhul and Cherubini think fit to unite for the purpose of setting this work to music? That is more than I can tell. Though at one period, musical collaboration was very largely patronized by our composers, I own that the practice always seemed to me as strange as it was to be regretted, from the fact that it must naturally take from the music its unity of style, colour, and conception. After all, the work of two musicians cannot unite and blend like that of two authors; collaboration is in such a case nothing, so to speak, more than juxtaposition; the task of each composer must be separate and definite, and from those two distinct portions of work there can result, despite all the efforts possible on the part of each person engaged, only a somewhat hybrid work, without entirety and without cohesion, without any common bond and without unity.

(To be continued.)

MR HALLÉ'S MANCHESTER CONCERTS.

(Abridged from the "Manchester Examiner and Times.")

There was an immense audience last night, when Haydn's *Creation* was performed at the second choral concert of the season. The popularity of this work seems greater than ever, and though an experienced local *impresario* said, twenty-five years ago, "The *Creation* never draws in Manchester," it has again become one of the most attractive of the great oratorios, and Mr Hallé's statistics show that his audiences give yet no signs of growing weary of it. In many respects, the performance was one of the finest ever heard in Manchester. The choruses were sung throughout with intelligence and accuracy, and where we have occasionally remarked shortcomings there were facility and smoothness. In such familiar music there could be nothing wanting on the part of the members of the orchestra. The charming solo passages were all exquisitely played, and the "Representation of Chaos" was given with the requisite solemn and mysterious effect.

Mdme Albani, who sang the soprano solos, is not only fortunate in the possession of a voice of singular purity and expressiveness, but is one of the greatest singers of the day, her musical instincts being directed by the intelligence of a well-trained artist. Her magnificent voice is under perfect control, and she has the rare power of being able to affect her audience by her own enthusiasm, while so thoroughly identifying herself with the thoughts and sentiments of the composer, that we almost forget the art which brings home so forcibly their spirit and meaning. Mdme Albani never sang more splendidly than last night; and, indeed, since Jenny Lind sang in *The Creation* here, no one has done such justice to those songs as Mdme Albani. Mr Barton McGuckin gave the tenor part with his accustomed vigour and ease; his voice is very sympathetic, and he had evidently carefully studied the music. How Mr Santley sings the bass songs of this oratorio, Manchester amateurs do not require to be told—and that the audience last night recognized the grandeur and dignity of this great artist's style the frequent applause emphatically testified. Few present were aware, however, that exactly twenty-five years before, on the night of the 16th of November, 1857, Mr Santley made his first appearance in London in this very oratorio. How many times he has sung it since one would be glad to know. We remember hearing him in the Free Trade Hall that same season, and should find it difficult to say

how often we have heard him in the same place. And where is there a more noble record of a quarter of a century of devotion to art than Mr Santley's? He has achieved renown in nearly every class of vocal art, in opera—serious and comic—in oratorio, in ancient and modern ballads. In the highest examples of English, German, French, and Italian music Mr Santley has proved himself one of the foremost singers of the century. We hope he may long continue to maintain the best traditions of the profession of which he has so long been a distinguished member.

At the next concert Beethoven's C minor Symphony and a new Pianoforte Concerto by Brahms will be played. Mdme Lemmens will be the vocalist.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—I beg to hand you statement of accounts as audited, and, in compliance with resolution passed at a meeting of the Executive Committee, held on the 2nd inst., the balance of £45 7s. 5d. has been deposited with the stewards' bankers on interest at 3 per cent., and will form the nucleus of the Guarantee Fund for the Festival of 1885.

The collection for the "charity" amounts, at this date, to £867 5s. 2d., which will be equally divided between the clerical charities of the three dioceses, according to usual custom.—I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

BERKELEY L. S. STANHOPE, Hon. Sec.
Byford Rectory, near Hereford, 14th November, 1882.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS.

Payments.

	£ s. d.
Principal singers	1,217 10 0
Band	946 18 6
Chorus	664 13 0
Advertising	96 15 9
Miscellaneous	685 15 1
Balance in hand :—	
Orchestra and fittings purchased	£57 10 0
Balance forward to 1885 account	45 7 5
	102 17 5

	£ s. d.
	£3,714 9 9
Tickets sold	2,708 5 0
Books of words sold	68 6 0
Balance forward, with interest from 1879 acct.	87 18 9
Guarantee Fund	850 0 0
	£3,714 9 9

Attendances.—First day, 1,406; second (morning), 1,176; second, (evening), 919; third, 767; fourth, 1,689. Total, 5,957.

CHARITY ACCOUNT.

Payments.

To Treasurer :—	
Hereford Charity	289 1 8
Worcester "	289 1 9
Gloucester "	289 1 9
	£867 5 2

	£ s. d.
By offertories and donations	£867 5 2

BERLIN.—One of the most noteworthy concerts here lately was given by Mdme Sophie Menter, whose programme comprised pieces by Bach, Scarlatti, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt, &c.

BRUSSELS.—The first performance of Delibes' *Jean de Nivelle* at the Théâtre de la Monnaie will, it is expected, take place early in December. Meanwhile the revival of Auber's *Muette de Portici* has afforded Mdme Gedda an opportunity of distinguishing herself as Fenella.—*La Mascotte* and *Boccaccio* are alternating with each other at the Galeries St Hubert, where the next novelty will be *Fauve la Tulipe*, which may probably be given on the 28th inst., to be followed in February either by Audran's *Gillette de Navarre* or von Suppé's *Juanita*.—The Queen was present at the distribution of prizes to successful pupils of the Conservatory, and personally congratulated them.—There will be four Popular Concerts (two with chorus) this winter, with, as hitherto, M. Dupont, who assumes all pecuniary responsibility, as the conductor.

* Feuilleton of *La Presse* for 19th April, 1842.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The officers and members of this society met together for the last time, in a corporate capacity, at a *conversazione* held on Tuesday evening, Nov. 21st, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street. There were few, if any, signs of anguish perceptible in the act of dissolution; for, indeed, the meeting was not only interesting, but, to a high degree, enjoyable. The Society died in a manner becoming its unselfish and noble life, with a smile of satisfaction upon the past, and a look, bright with hope, upon the future of the art it had so faithfully and successfully served. Judging from ominous signs that its day was ended, and work done, it peacefully and resignedly accepted the euthanasia fate had allotted. This is good and right. After an hour spent on Tuesday evening in mutual greetings and pleasant chat, the chair was taken at seven o'clock by the respected president, Mr D. Hill, who certainly did not pitch the opening address in a doleful key. In describing the musical state of the metropolis fifty years ago, when the society was formed, he dwelt specially upon the low taste of the public in sacred music, and, quoting from "bills of the play" showed, that in the most ambitious performances of oratorio music, those held at Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres during the seasons of Lent, were entertainments of a most incongruous character. The speaker claimed for the society credit and honour for having rescued the sublime works of Handel from such mutilation and sacrilege, and for having placed this greatest of oratorio composers before, not only the London public, but directly or indirectly before the entire nation, in all his fulness and majesty. He dilated with marked regard upon the Society's efforts in the cause of charity, and referred to the "Fund" still in existence, with its investments, amounting to £3,000, to be devoted to the good work. With confidence he appealed to members, subscribers, and the general public for approval of the way in which the large sum of £222,000, entrusted, during the society's existence, to committees and officers, has been disbursed. The president, in respectful and feeling terms, referred to the claims their conductor, Sir Michael Costa, had upon the gratitude of the society. To his genius it was indebted for its high position and great utility. All present rejoiced at the good news announced that the eminent musician was progressing satisfactorily in health and strength. Later in the evening three cheers were given for Sir Michael. The chairman called upon M. Sainton, their renowned orchestral leader, to discourse to the company some strains of music, which he did most eloquently upon his violin, assisted by M. Leopold at the piano, thereby earning an ovation from the delighted audience. The secretary, Mr E. H. Maundering, caught up the theme dropped by the previous speaker, and contended, with considerable point and force, that the sole motto of the society had been "Art to the foreground." He gave unmixed satisfaction by announcing that the library they all so much prized had that very day been purchased by the Royal College of Music. It surely is a cause for general congratulation that, through the instrumentality of Mr Geo. Grove, Mr W. H. Cummings, and others, this desirable arrangement has been consummated. The secretary entered into details as to losses incurred by recent performances, and enforced the fact that artistic success brought often pecuniary failure; whilst the customary expenses of a concert had been so great as to preclude, in any case, the possibility of a balance on the right side. Statements such as these surely justify the dissolution of the society. Mr W. H. Cummings then favoured the company with a very artistic interpretation of David's barcarolle, "O ma maîtresse," in which the excellent quality of his medium voice was specially manifested. Mr Withall provoked merriment by a humorous address, particularly so when reciting the qualifications required when he joined the society, one of which was the possession of a "strictly moral character." His reference to the late Mr Bowley, who lifted, as it were, the society to its eminence on his own broad shoulders, was fully appreciated; and had reference been made, at the same time, to the labours of his trusted and faithful assistant, Mr James Peck, it would not, perhaps, have been altogether out of place. Mr Husk, the esteemed Librarian, gave, in an instructive address, many interesting reminiscences of past doings. This gentleman is, in point of service, the oldest living member upon the society's rolls. When he joined in 1834, a fortnight after the late Mr Bowley, the constitution of the society, he said, was but in its infancy, there being only about three voices to a part, and the members had to copy out (why did Mr Littleton smile at this?) the parts used. Mr Husk, unfolding the story of the institution's growth, related its happy intercourse with Mendelssohn and Spohr, and traced the progress of its strength until it reached gigantic dimensions, culminating in the Handel festivals—which celebrations, Meyerbeer said, more than realized the highest conception previously formed by him of the power of music. Mdme Enriquez closed the first part of the programme by singing Piniuti's "Heaven and Earth." Her

fine voice, under perfect control, enabling her to declaim the varied passages with a force that appealed to the trained choristers whom she was addressing.

In the interval a medal was presented to each vocal member of the orchestra, which will, doubtless, be highly valued as a souvenir of pleasant hours past and gone. During the second part of the programme Mr Willcocks delivered an animated address. He seemed, however, to be looking more into the future than on the past, and to be more engaged in fondling in anticipation a new bantling than making dole over the defunct. However that may be, his speech was so full of life and overflowing with goodwill and humour that his hearers were provoked into positive gaiety. This jovial state was intensified when Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, who had been detained at Calais on her journey from Brussels, made her appearance in the room. The worthy lady seemed overcome by the warmth of the reception accorded her. Well, is it not a pleasant thing to know that those with whom one has been for many years associated should entertain such kindly feelings? The accomplished artist justified the applause by singing with all her usual power and finish Handel's "From mighty kings." In accordance with the programme, "a member of the orchestra" addressed the meeting. The motto this gentleman seemed to have chosen was in character something like the herald's proclamation, "Le Roi est mort! vive le Roi!" with a strong accent however on the latter clause. But the evident feeling of the meeting was that it would be better to announce and discuss the new organization at some other time. Mr Lewis Thomas followed the speaker by singing Handel's "Honour and arms" to the satisfaction of his old patrons. The four above-mentioned vocalists, assisted, as in other pieces, by Mr W. Bendall at the pianoforte, rendered in good style Sir Michael Costa's quartet, "Ecco quel fiero istante." A vote of thanks to the soloists was proposed and carried; and, as M. Sainton had left the hall, the duty of replying fell to Mr Lewis Thomas, the next in priority of service, whose remarks were supplemented and emphasized by his comrade, Mr W. H. Cummings. In conclusion, the entire assembly joined in Mendelssohn's part song, "O forest deep and gloomy," conducted by Mr W. H. Cummings, and in the National Anthem.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

—o—

ALWINA VALLERIA.

The following glowing apostrophe has been addressed by an enthusiastic poet of Auld Reekie to Mdme Valleria, after witnessing her performances at the Glasgow opera:—

How lovely, sweet, how grand thy voice—
Madame Alwina Valleria;
Thy warbling music tones rejoice
Our souls with thrilling sympathy.
The attributes of thy great mind
Abound in rich variety;
Every mortal there may find
His sweetest thought reflected.
O bright, angelic mirror-soul;
How faithfully thou picturest
Humanity: Emotions roll
In quick succession at thy will,
Unfolding visions dim or bright,
The heart's abyss of dismal pain,
The joyous soul's resplendent light.
Oh sing, sweet songstress, sing away—
The tragic scene, the simple lay.
Pour forth thy soul in music sweet,
Till angels, raptured at thy feet,
Are fain to bear thee up on high
To that pure home beyond the sky;
Where thou thy lovely voice canst raise
In tones of sweet, eternal praise
To Him, whose Love thy soul redeemed:
Gave thee thy voice—created thee.

ROBERT McHARDY.

In consequence of the absence of Mlle Marie Brandt, the performances of Rubinstein's *Maccabaei* at the Stadttheater, Leipzig, have been temporarily interrupted.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Mr John Boosey commenced the seventeenth season on Wednesday evening, November 23rd, with the vigour and liberality which have secured for these delightful entertainments their immense popularity. Ballads, appealing to no special class, have admirers amongst all grades of the community. Perhaps in no country does this form of composition lay such an important part as in England, where it is found nourishing patriotic feelings. Mr Boosey has steadfastly held this in view, and many of the songs introduced under his direction—such as "Nancy Lee," and "The Midshipmite," by the purpose they serve, have become, as it were, national property. Unfortunately, the representative of this class of music, Mr Maybrick, was unable, through indisposition, to appear on Wednesday. His place in the programme, however, was more or less satisfactorily filled by Mr Barrington Foote, who met with success in Molloy's "Three merry men." Miss Clara Samuell, from the same cause, was also prevented fulfilling her engagement; but Miss Ambler, who sang instead, acquitted herself, despite nervousness, remarkably well. Mr Edward Lloyd, an immense favourite at these concerts, sang in a manner that raised him, if possible, still higher in the estimation of the public. Whether he was singing Clay's graceful melody, "I'll sing thee songs of Araby," or Blumenthal's new song, "Thy hand in mine," or Hobbs' charming old ditty, "Phillis is my only joy," it was all the same; to each he imparted characteristic charm. Mdme Antoinette Stirling again distinguished herself as a ballad singer. The audience insisted upon hearing her twice in Molloy's "Always together," and applauded her rendering of Schubert's "Song of the Quail," and cheered her for imparting zest to the Scotch ditty, "We're a' noddin'." Miss Mary Davies, another prime favourite, achieved success in "Good-night" (Hugh Clendon), "Maiden Thoughts" (Mendelssohn), and in "The Sailor Lad." Nor was Miss Damian unappreciated, for she gained an encore for Theo. Marzials' song, "If only," and acknowledgments for a pleasant rendering of "To the woods" (Warner). Mr Oswald showed refined taste and real ability in "If doughty deeds" (Sullivan), and "When Vulcan forged" (Braham). The South London Choral Association, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables, contributed some well executed choral numbers. Mdme Norman-Néruda, in conjunction with Miss Maude Valerie White and Mr Sidney Naylor at the piano, performed an arrangement of "South American Airs," which, from some cause or other, did not altogether suit the taste of the audience; but the lady-violinist subsequently played Vieuxtemps' "Fantaisie caprice" in such a style as to secure a veritable triumph. Mr Sidney Naylor conducted with his usual skill.

BALFE: HIS LIFE AND WORKS.*

(From *Galignani's Messenger*.)

The publication of Mr Barrett's work falls opportunely. Public interest in Balfe has been greatly revived by the recent monumental tribute paid to his memory in Westminster Abbey and the accompanying celebration. Whatever triumphs may be yet in store for English opera, we doubt if any productions of this order which the future may have in reserve for us will enjoy a more stable popularity than the *Bohemian Girl*, whose melodies have long since become English national music. But although this delightful composer has done so much to popularize opera in England, through some strange oversight many years elapsed after his death before a satisfactory record of his life was added to biographical literature. The honour of rendering this justice to Balfe belongs to Mr Barrett, who, as musical critic for the *Morning Post*, has fully proved his right and his ability to speak on such a subject. The book is written in an easy, attractive style, so that the reader's interest is never allowed to flag. It is, moreover, full of those bright anecdotal touches which go so far to make a work of this kind successful, simply from the light thus thrown on human character. As an illustration of Mr Barrett's pleasing style, we select a passage at random from the description of Balfe's first meeting with Rossini as a guest of Cherubini in the Rue Poissonnière:—". After dinner Balfe was invited to sing. Cherubini chose some duets written by his illustrious guest, and Mdme Rossini joined her voice with that of the aspirant for fame, Rossini accompanying and Cherubini listening with critical admiration. . . . Rossini was charmed with the sweetness and flexibility of Balfe's voice, and, above all, with the

artistic spirit and intelligence of his rendering. When, in the course of the evening, Balfe had gathered together some of his old saucy spirit and sat to the piano and accompanied himself in the song, "Largo al factotum," from *Il Barbier*, Rossini was delighted. At the same time he told Balfe that he was sorry that he had heard him perform that task, "inasmuch as," said the composer, good-humouredly, "until this time I had imagined that no one in the world could do that but myself." We should add that Mr Barrett's work is enriched with several portraits of musical celebrities, including an excellent likeness of Balfe himself as frontispiece.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Morning Advertiser," Nov. 20.)

The first selection for the concert of last night was a Pianoforte Quartet by Anton Dvorák. It is one of his earliest works, and has not hitherto been given at St James's Hall. Dvorák is a Bohemian, and in most of his works the characteristics of his country's music are apparent. His nationality proclaims itself, to a certain extent, in this quartet, which is a clever composition, if not one of notable charm. It is written in three movements, and of these the third is by far the most likely to make an agreeable impression. The first and second subjects are clear, rhythmical, and clearly worked. There is more spontaneity in the last than in the two preceding movements, which give the impression of having been written with some effort. They "smell of the lamp," as the phrase goes, and have little or no trace of anything approaching inspiration. The opening movement is an *allegro moderato*, in D major; and the second, an *andantino*, an air and variations in B minor. The theme is more strange than captivating. Mr Charles Halle, Mdme Norman-Néruda, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti—four artists of the first rank, and all constantly before the frequenters of these concerts—played the quartet, it is hardly needful to say, to perfection. After Dvorák's Quartet, the Pianoforte Sonata, in A major (posthumous) of Schubert was most grateful. It was played by Mr Halle in his most careful, precise, and finished manner. The themes are of that enchanting, melodious kind the composer has, luckily, taught the world to expect from him. Nothing could be more beautiful than the *andante* and variations, and the Sonata ends worthily with a charming *rondo*. It was first played by Mr Halle at one of the concerts of the eighth season, as far back as 1866. A Quartet of Haydn's, in E flat, and a Sonata by Handel for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, was given last night. The violinist was Mdme Néruda, and Mr Halle played the pianoforte part, written by himself, on Handel's figured bass. Miss Santley sang, in a pure and refined style, a recitative and air from Mozart's opera, *Idomeneo*, first performed at Munich, by order of the Elector of Bavaria, on the 26th of January, 1781. The air, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri" has frequently been sung in London concert-rooms.

THE following gentlemen will act this year as honorary adjudicators of the musical prizes annually offered for competition by the Academical Board, Trinity College, London:—Quartet for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (ten guineas and gold medal), Sir Michael Costa; essay on a musical subject (gold medal), Mr G. A. Osborne; chorale or hymn tune prize (three guineas), Dr Longhurst; musical history prizes (three guineas, and two guineas), Dr Gordon Saunders. We remind our readers that all MSS. must be lodged with the secretary on or before November 30.

ST PETERSBURGH.—Carl Davidoff, the well-known violoncellist and director of the Conservatory here, is once more, after a long pause, about to undertake a concert-tour, in the course of which he will visit Königsberg, Hamburg, Bremen, Düsseldorf, Cologne, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Wiesbaden, and various towns in Switzerland.

BOSTON, U. S.—(Correspondence.)—Mdme Christine Nilsson, assisted by Miss Hope Glenn, MM. Björksten, Del Puente, Schnitzer, Giese, and the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, gave her opening concert on the 1st inst. Among the audience, which filled the Boston Music Hall, were many professionals and amateurs who had come purposely from New York, Philadelphia, and other places, to welcome her back to America. Mdme Nilsson was much applauded on her first appearance and during the entire evening. Miss Glenn made a favourable impression, nor had the other artists, including the members of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, any reason to complain.—Gounod's *Redemption* was being rehearsed, with a chorus numbering 300 voices, under the direction of Mr J. C. Lennon.

* By William Alexander Barrett. London: Remington & Co.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY IN GLASGOW.
(From the "Glasgow Herald.")

Were the Bayreuth *maestro* to find his way to Glasgow this week his organization would doubtless be sorely tried. Flowing melody, as represented by the writings of Boieldieu, Verdi, Vincent Wallace, and Balfé, is extremely prevalent. Moreover, it is absolutely popular, judging from the unstinted applause falling last night to the lot of the Italian composer. While at one end of the city musical interests are zealously guarded by our premier choral society, in the heart almost of our busy centre the *ear*, shocking to relate, is being gratified. Clearly there is something considerably out of joint, and Mr Carl Rosa has a heavy account to settle with the higher development *cultus*. The *impresario* is, nevertheless, well-known as a man of cultured taste, and ever desirous of keeping in the van of musical progress. But he is also a man of business, and opera, like any other speculation, must not only meet its cost, but also provide some measure of profit for its proprietor. The leading towns on Mr Rosa's visiting list can only entertain the advanced form of art in homeopathic proportions, and these, it is conceded, are prescribed by a judicious hand—witness the introduction here of Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*, and of *Lohengrin* in former seasons, as well as the revival of the *Flying Dutchman* to-morrow evening. Verdi is still a considerable "draw" amongst opera-goers, and, when properly cared for, the man who once believed himself to be "the best kissed of all composers," and whose melodies are piped and danced in every quarter of the globe, is not to be despised. On the contrary, given a favourite songstress in the leading rôle, and Leonora retains her power to charm. Mdme Alwina Valleria, who last night made her first appearance in Glasgow in English opera, has studied the character to excellent purpose. Her artistic triumphs contribute in no small measure to the success of Italian opera in London, while in the concert-room there is hardly a more popular artist than Mr Rosa's new representative of Verdi's heroine. To say that in her opening *aria* and the sympathetic music in the last act she brought to bear all the technique of her art, is only to repeat what has been chronicled over and over again. In all her achievements, her cultivated voice, purity of style, and histrionic ability were features of a personation which must rank with the foremost of modern times. Miss Josephine Yorke's Azucena has gained considerably in dramatic force, and it may be doubted if the English stage has witnessed a finer reading of the gipsy. Her first air was declaimed with great fervour, and she lent valuable aid in the concerted music. Mr Barton McGuckin was the Manrico of the cast, being in excellent voice, it may be imagined with what artistic skill he sang "Ah si ben mio." He also gave a vigorous reading of the air which brings Act III. to a close, and had a special call. Mr Leslie Crotty repeated his well-known personation of the Count, and Mr Snazelle made an excellent Ferrando. The prison scene was admirably presented, and the opening number, which included an impressive and excellent performance of the "Miserere," had to be repeated in response to a clamorous *encore*. Mr John Pew conducted, and the band was again in excellent order. Altogether the representation of *Il Troratore* was such as is seldom witnessed in the provinces. The audience was the best of the week; and were it sufficiently known that a high-class entertainment is with us, the remaining performances of Mr Rosa's able company would hardly fail to draw out the public in large numbers. Boieldieu's *chef d'œuvre*, *La Dame Blanche*, is announced.

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A NEW OPERA AT MANCHESTER.
(From the "Manchester Evening Mail.")

The opera of Victor E. Nessler, styled in Mr. H. Hersee's English version, *The Piper of Hamelin*, was produced last night at the Queen's Theatre with complete success. It was the first time of the work being heard in England, and the house was crowded from floor to roof. Nor was the large audience disappointed in any respect. The opera was put upon the stage in a manner that reflected the greatest credit on the management; the company was thoroughly sufficient for the interpretation of the music; the work had been so well rehearsed that not a hitch of importance occurred; and the orchestra was quite equal to the rather arduous task assigned to it. The opera is in five acts, though the curtain falls very frequently for the arrangement of the scenery, without, however, breaking unpleasantly the continuity of interest.

The story of the opera is based upon the legend which goes back to the year 1284. The city was infested with rats, of which the piper, Hunold Singulf, agrees to rid the city for the sum of 100 marks sterling and a *douceur*, stipulating, however, that he shall not be observed. Leaving the council chamber, where the bargain is concluded, he is fascinated by Gertrude, a village maiden, who is warned by her former lover, Wulff, a blacksmith, that Hunold is a

sorcerer, which she refuses to believe. A wager is next made by Hunold that the gift he is to receive shall be a kiss from the mayor's daughter, Regina, and, having charmed the rats into the Weser by means of playing on his pipe, he proceeds to the town hall to demand his payment and the promised gift. There is general indignation at the audacity of the demand, and Hunold is refused payment, as three young rats still remain. He then vows that he will so fascinate Regina that she shall grant him a kiss. The scene changes to the Banqueting Hall of the Court House, festively decorated for the wedding of Heribert, the town architect, and Regina. The hall is filled with guests, when Hunold arrives, and is welcomed by some of the people, who wish him to entertain them with a song. His song, addressed to Regina, so fascinates her that she gives him a kiss. A scene of excitement ensues; Hunold is charged with sorcery, and is sent to prison. He is condemned to suffer at the stake, a punishment from which he is saved by Gertrude, who, by offering to suffer his punishment, procures his release, and, having done so, drowns herself in the Weser. On the day of the marriage of Heribert and Regina, Hunold causes the children of the city to follow him into the depths of a mountain, into which they for ever disappear. We can only to-day speak briefly of the music and the performance generally. There can be no doubt of the musician-like quality of M. Nessler's work. It is full of sprightly melodies, stirring choruses, and brilliant orchestration. The company, as we have already said, were thoroughly up to their task, and the applause of the large audience was continuous and hearty throughout the evening.

[The original title of this opera is equivalent in English to *The Ratcatcher*. Further particulars about it are postponed till our next.—D.B.]

Bereaved.*

BALLAD.

" Why do I sit with folded hands,
And gaze across the yellow sands,
Till the evening sun is low?"
My boy, when thou art at my side,
I love to watch the flowing tide,
And the white waves come and go.
For they whisper sweet, sweet thoughts to me
Of loved ones now on the glassy sea.

" Why do my eyes grow moist with tears,
As the last white sail the harbour nears,
And the children shout with glee?"
'Tis many years, my darling boy,
Since this lone heart beat high with joy
When the boats came in from sea.
For they whisper sad, sad thoughts to me
Of a boat that sank in a stormy sea.

" Why do I watch at break of day
Till the sun's first gleam across the bay
Makes the darker shadows flee?"
Ah! angels come when night grows late
To weary hearts that watch and wait
By the ever restless sea.
And they whisper glad, glad thoughts to me
Of the brighter land and the glassy sea.

* Copyright.

WETSTAR.

SCHWERIN.—The temporary theatre, a wooden structure erected near the railway terminus, was inaugurated with a performance of *Tannhäuser*. Everything went on as usual up to the end of the second act, where the Landgrave tells Tannhäuser that the only way he can clear himself from the burden of sin which he has incurred is by going to the Eternal City and imploring pardon of the Pope. Hereupon Tannhäuser rushes to the footlights and exclaims enthusiastically: "To Rome!" On the night in question, as he uttered these words, the bell of the neighbouring railway station was heard, as well as the guard calling out: "Take your seats, please, take your seats." The house was convulsed with laughter.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 27, 1882,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I. Quartet, in F major, Op. 59, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Song, "Lend me your aid" (Gounod)—Mr Edward L'oyd; Polonaise, in F sharp minor, Op. 44, for pianoforte alone (Chopin)—Mlle Janotta.

PART II.—Ballade, in G minor, Op. 42, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Franz Néruda)—Mdme Norman-Néruda; Song, "Regret" (Schubert)—Mr Edward Lloyd; Quintet, in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—Mlle Janotta, Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 25, 1882,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in D major, No. 7, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Songs, "Canzone di Mignon" and "Primavera" (Mario Costa)—Miss Santley; Sonata Appassionata, in F minor, Op. 57, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mlle Janotta; Song, "Ye Cupids, drop each little head" (Maude V. White)—Miss Santley; Trio, in C minor, Op. 66, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—Mlle Janotta, Mdme Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—Mr ZERBINI.

DEATH.

On Tuesday, November 21st, at 34, Bessborough Street, S. W., LOUISA FRANCES TURLE, the last surviving sister of the late James Turle, of The Cloisters, Westminster, in the 72nd year of her age.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SAGRAMORE.—Wait until Petipace's argosy is safely landed. He pineth still piteously.

ARGUS.—No. Pluck out ninety-nine of your eyes, and you will see better.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1882.

THE LATE HERR NOTTEBOHM.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—Herr Gustav Nottebohm, whose death you announced recently, deserves a longer notice than has been given him by the English press. He was not a "musical historian" so much as a provider of historical materials for others. He began life as a practical musician, and soon published several works for the piano; he was much sought after to the end as a teacher; but what gave him his lasting claim to notice was his extraordinary instinct, patience, tact, and accuracy as an investigator. The chief field which he investigated was one of remarkable interest and extent, nothing less than the sketch-books of Beethoven; and the manner in which he explored these, and the results which he drew from them and published entitle him to the gratitude of all students of music.

Little as it might be imagined, Beethoven was one of the slowest and most tentative of composers. He always carried a large sketch-book with him, into which he scribbled every thought, and every change of thought, as it occurred to him. Many of these remain, and thus the progress of his works can be traced from the germ to the finished production. His subjects and passages, on their first appearance, often almost commonplace, are gradually polished and

altered, seeming to grow more spontaneous at each step, until at last, after a dozen or more corrections, they become what we know them to be. Notwithstanding the absorption which this would seem to imply, his common practice was to work at two, and even three, of his greatest pieces at the same time, the sketches for which are inextricably mixed up together in these precious books. With the music are mingled household accounts, addresses, memoranda of facts, droll puns, quotations, prayers, ejaculations, cries of misery. These pages—to most eyes a mere *congeries* of scratches and blots—through long practice and a peculiar art, Nottebohm could read as easily as the *Times* newspaper, and he has left the results in various publications. The principal of these are:—A sketch-book of Beethoven of 1802, a second ditto of 1803, reprints of the music with copious elucidations—both published by Breitkopf, of Leipzig; "Beethoveniana" and *Neue Beethoveniana* detached examples and extracts from the same stores, amounting to seventy or eighty numbers, many of them very long. The first of the two is published by Rieter-Biedermann, and the second must be looked for in the numbers of the *Musikalischer Wocheblatt* (Leipzig), to which they were communicated in the years 1875 to 1879. Nottebohm has also published a most interesting edition (the only correct one) of the early portion of Beethoven's Studies—his exercises as a youth when taking lessons from Albrechtsberger, Haydn, and Salieri, with elucidatory notes and comments; an exhaustive thematic catalogue of Beethoven's works, and another, even more complete, of Schubert's. Having used these books almost every day for years, I know their extraordinary fascination and value, and I cannot but urge them strongly on our many cultivated amateurs.

I trust that the *Neue Beethoveniana* may be soon re-published in a volume, and that the papers of this most indefatigable and most accurate of explorers may yield much more of the same kind—for he was never idle, and it is some years since he published anything. We should treasure everything that he has left, for such qualities as his are not likely to be soon reproduced.—Your obedient servant,

Lower Sydenham, Nov. 21.

G. GROVE.

—o—

GOUNOD ON MOZART'S DON JUAN.

(Concluded from page 721.)

Le rideau se lève. Il fait nuit. Seul sur la place publique, Leporello, le valet pueux, aux ordres de tous les caprices du seigneur volage, attend son maître qui vient de pénétrer dans le palais du Commandeur, pour ravir la noble fille, dona Anna. Don Juan account, suivi de sa victime qui s'attache à ses pas et dont les cris ont éveillé son père. Le Commandeur provoque l'audacieux felon; on dégaine de part et d'autre, et ici s'engage un *trio*, saisissant de vérité sombre et de suprême agonie auquel Leporello, transi de peur, prend, dans le coin de la scène, une part tragi-comique. Le Commandeur mort, son meurtrier s'esquive à la faveur de la nuit dont l'obscurité sert son incognito. Rentre dona Anna, pâle, effarée; sur la place déserte, elle cherche, elle aperçoit un homme étendu,—elle approche tremblante... C'est son père!

Quels sanglots! quels gémissements! quels cris! quelle révolte de tout l'être! Et tout cela dans quelle sérénité et indicible beauté de forme! Quel ordre consommé dans l'expression palpitante de ce désordre! Quelle clarté dans ce chaos de tous les sentiments! Comme l'angoisse de l'âme, dans son paroxysme le plus poignant, n'y trouble pas, un seul instant, cette perfection du langage qui s'appelle le *style* et qui est le ravissement de l'*esprit*! Comme la musique y pleure toutes les larmes, y exhale toutes les douleurs, sans jamais vociférer! Je demande à quiconque a lu Eschyle, Sophocle, Euripide: ces grandes voix de l'humanité tragique ont-elles jamais eu d'accent plus profond et plus vrai que l'auteur de cette scène musicale immortelle? Cela reste beau en étant terrible; c'est la propre du *sublime*.

Don Ottavio, le fiancé de la noble orpheline, est accouru avec elle sur le lieu du combat. Après le premier abattement de la douleur, dona Anna se relève et, dans un *duo* d'un élan superbe, elle adjure son fiancé de chercher le meurtrier et de le punir. Ils partent.

Arrive dona Elvire, l'épouse abandonnée, poursuivant partout son infidèle. Quel type de fureur jalouse que cet *air* dans lequel elle s'écrie: "Ah! qui me dira où est ce cruel qui j'aimai pour mon malheur et qui a trahi sa foi? Si je retrouve le traître, je veux lui arracher le cœur!"

Comme le sang lui monte au visage ! Avec quelle intensité l'orchestre met en relief le dépit amer et tenace de la femme outragée ! Comme elle sauterait à la gorge du coupable, s'il était là devant elle !

Le voici, suivi de Leporello, son souffre-douleur ; mais il le laisse avec Elvire et s'enquiert des qu'il la reconnaît.

Il se place l'air célèbre dans lequel Leporello déroule sans vergogne, devant les yeux de la malheureuse Elvire, le catalogue des "mille et trois" fredaines de son maître. Cet air, unique dans son allure, est un modèle achevé de verve comique ; Molière musicien ne l'eût pas écrit autrement ; c'est de la gloire de valetaille soulignant à plaisir, sous un malicieux semblant de persiflage, les traits les plus grossiers de cette nomenclature scandaleuse.

Et cependant, la comme partout, le tact suprême du génie qui saisit l'essence même des choses dont il rejette les scories.

Mais voici reparaitre dona Anna et don Ottavio, cherchant toujours à découvrir les traces de l'assassin, lorsque don Juan se présente. Le noble maintien de la grande dame l'attire et le séduit ; cette douleur grave, ces vêtements de deuil, tout ce qui est pour provoquer une pitié respectueuse devient un aliment pour sa passion toujours aiguillonnée, jamais satisfaite. Il aborde la sévère inconnue dont la nuit lui avait dérobé les traits. Il s'informe du motif de cette douleur, de ce deuil ; on l'en instruit ; il offre, à l'instant, de joindre ses recherches à celles des deux amants.

Sur ces entrefaites paraît dona Elvire courrouzée. "Ne vous fiez pas à ce traître,"—dit Elvire en montrant son époux ;—"il m'a trahie et vous trahira de même."—"Mes amis !"—reprend don Juan,—"la pauvre fille est folle ! laissez-moi seul un instant avec elle ; peut-être parviendrai-je à la calmer."

Quel merveilleux dialogue que ce *quatuor* ! Comme chaque personnage y est à son plan, et comme tous s'y meuvent avec une apparente indépendance et une incroyable souplesse de liberté dans le plus parfait ensemble musical !

Don Juan et dona Elvire s'éloignent. Dona Anna, restée seule avec don Ottavio, suit du regard l'homme qui vient de quitter et dont la voix a réveillé des souvenirs qui la bouleversent. "Don Ottavio—s'écrie-t-elle—je meurs ! Cet homme, c'est l'assassin de mon père ! N'en doutez plus ; je l'ai reconnu à sa voix,—c'est lui !" Et après un récit frémissant de cette nuit funèbre, elle se dresse de toute la hauteur d'une Némésis, et, dans une imprécation d'une solennité magistrale, elle dit à son Ottavio : "Maintenant que tu sais qui m'a ravi mon père et m'a voulu râvir l'honneur, je te demande vengeance et ton cœur même l'exige." Ce morceau est un chef-d'œuvre de fière et majestueuse indignation.

Je passe sur le délicieux petit *duo* (*là, ci darem la mano*) entre don Juan et Zerline la jeune paysanne, nouveau caprice de ce coureur sans repos et de ce séducteur sans merci. Je laisse de côté vingt autres perles de cet inépuisable écrin, l'air pimpant et alerte de don Juan ordonnant les préparatifs d'une fête, l'air de Zerline (*Batti, batti, o bel Masetto*), d'une douceur si calme et si coquette, et j'arrive à la grande scène du bal qui termine le premier acte.

Et d'abord, l'entrée de don Ottavio, dona Anna et dona Elvire masqués. Quel prodige d'inspiration que ce fameux "trio des Masques" ! La beauté musicale ne va pas plus loin : c'est un enchantement pour l'oreille et pour l'intelligence ; c'est un diamant de la plus belle eau ! Et combien il y en a de cette valeur dans les œuvres de Mozart ! dans la *Fête enchantée*, dans les *Noèces de Figaro*, dans *Cosi fan tutte*, dans les symphonies, dans les concertos, dans la musique de chambre (quintettes, quatuors, trios, sonates !). C'est à ne les plus compter. Et quelle plénitude d'harmonie, quelle ampleur dans l'effet produit, avec quelle économie de procédés ! Comme on voit bien la, dans une pleine évidence, que la véritable marque du génie est précisément cette sobriété des moyens qui est en raison même de la richesse de l'idée ! C'est le sentiment de cette vérité qui dicta un jour à Mozart une fière et superbe réponse. On venait de représenter *Don Juan* à Vienne. L'empereur fait appeler Mozart dans sa loge, et lui dit : "Monsieur Mozart, vous venez de nous donner un fort bel ouvrage ; mais, dites-moi, est-ce qu'il n'y a pas bien des notes là-dedans ?"—"Sire,—répliqua Mozart,—pas une de plus qu'il ne faut !" Il n'y a que la conscience de la vraie force qui inspire de telles réparties.

Et cette fête qui succède au "trio des Masques" ! quel entraînement ! Et le finale robuste et tumultueux qui termine l'acte ! que de lumière dans cette mélée ! que d'éclat dans cette bagarre ! Et tout cela, sans violence d'instrumentation, parce que la sonorité est dans la force et que la force est dans l'idée.

Me voici à moitié seulement de ma course déjà longue, bien que hâtive, à travers cette œuvre faite de chefs-d'œuvre. Il me faut restreindre, jusqu'à la mutiler, l'analyse du second acte.

Je ne puis cependant passer sous silence quelques-uns des plus beaux morceaux qu'il y ait au monde.

Le trio sous le balcon d'Elvire, si complètement exquis, d'un art si consommé qu'il suffirait à rendre immortel le musicien capable de l'écrire ! Quel hypocrisie féline dans les soupirs amoureux que, sous les fenêtres mêmes de sa femme, don Juan adresse à la jeune camériste ! Quels replis, quelles insinuations perfides dans cet orchestre qui fait *patte de velours*, et dont les caresses ne sont que piège et mensonge !

La crédule Elvire descend à la voix du séducteur qu'elle croit repentant. Soudain, dans un de ces éclairs familiers à l'astuce, don Juan troque son chapeau et sa cape contre ceux de son valet, le chargeant de donner le change à dona Elvire et de faire la place libre à son nouvel exploit.

Quelle trouvaille que cette petite sérénade friponne, souple et railleuse ! quel sursaut de gaillardise dans ce sceptique qui n'écoute et n'entend plus que ses sens !

Hélas ! il me faut passer, sans m'arrêter, devant l'air adorable de Zerline, "Vedrai, carino" ; devant le magnifique septuor dans la forêt ; devant l'air "Ah ! non mi dir" de dona Anna, résistant avec une dignité si noble et si touchante aux tendres instances de son fiancé ; devant la scène du Cimetière, chef-d'œuvre d'impression tragique sur le fond de comédie de cet étonnant *Duo* qui nous montre Leporello terrifié devant cette statue du Commandeur hochant la tête, sur une tenue d'orchestre d'une simplicité lugubre, autour de laquelle se dessine un tremblement nerveux qui nous fait lire jusque dans les entraînes du valet blême d'épouvante.

Vient enfin la scène capitale du Festin.

Don Juan va souper. Il a déjà oublié son invitation insolente acceptée par "l'Homme de pierre." On frappe à la porte. Leporello va ouvrir et, à l'aspect du terrible convive, recule, mort de frayeur.

Alors commence cette scène formidable, d'un accent tragique sans égal. Rien ne peut rendre l'impression sinistre qui circule à travers cet orchestre d'une teinte sépulcrale. La justice s'avance avec une sûreté, avec une autorité, avec une puissance souveraine à laquelle on sent que le condamné ne peut plus échapper.

C'est en vain qu'il se tord et se débat sous cette étreinte inflexible : aux dernières instances, aux dernières menaces de la voix qui le sollicite encore : "Repents-toi !" il répond : "Non ! vieux fou ! . . ." ; il ne résiste pas seulement : il blasphème et il insulte ! . . . il tombe enfin dans le gouffre éternel de sa damnation.

Cette page est une œuvre de géant ; et si jamais elle est égalée, elle ne saurait être surpassée : elle marque le sommet de la tragédie lyrique.

Ainsi se termine, du moins au théâtre, cette œuvre sublime, la plus belle étoile peu-être qui ait jamais resplendi au firmament de l'art musical.

L'art, Messieurs, dans son acceptation la plus complète, c'est le sentiment du Beau devenu science du Beau ; c'est l'*Instinct* devenu *Raison*. Dans un ordre quelconque, le progrès vers la perfection consiste à connaître et appliquer de plus en plus les *Lois* qui président à cet ordre de réalités. C'est pourquoi l'on peut dire de tous les grands maîtres qu'ils le sont par les mêmes *raisons*, encore qu'ils ne le soient pas par les mêmes *côtés* : l'un découvrira la loi de ses sensations, c'est-à-dire des impressions produites sur ses organes ; celui-là sera un maître par la science de la palette, ou de l'instrumentation, cette palette du musicien ; un autre découvrira la loi des impressions produites non plus *sur ses organes*, mais *sur son entendement*, par des éléments d'un autre ordre, tels que les contours, les proportions, les attitudes, les caractères, les expressions, en un mot, par tout ce qui relève du domaine non de la matière, mais de la forme ; celui-là aussi sera un maître. Je n'ai ni le dessein ni, moins encore, le droit de fixer les rangs dans cette hiérarchie des grands artistes ; mais qu'il me soit permis de rendre ici un suprême et complet hommage à ce génie exceptionnel qui s'est appelé Mozart, et qui, par un privilège peut-être unique, a pénétré le secret de toutes les perfections.

CH. GOUNOD

Mr GYR has concluded an arrangement with Mr Joseph Maas to join the company at the Royal Italian Opera next season. The affair was settled on Friday, the 17th inst.

Mdme Fursch-Madi has left Madrid to join Mr Mapleson's company in New York.

ROME.—One afternoon, a short time since, a red strip was pasted over the bills of the Teatro Costanzi. On it was the following notice :—"Owing to the asserted, but not professionally attested, indisposition of the tenor, Prévost, there will be no performance." The relations between the artist and the public have, in consequence, become very strained, and it is expected that the former's engagement will be cancelled.

CONCERTS.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—Since our last notice of these performances the string quartet party and the solo pianist have remained the same as on the opening night until last Saturday afternoon, when Herr Straus replaced Mr Hollander at the viola, and Mr Halle appeared, for the first time this season, in lieu of Mdlle Janotha. The last named gentleman sustained the principal part in Brahms' *Pianoforte Quintet* in F minor, Op. 34, and played, for his solo, Beethoven's sonata in E flat from Op. 29. The quintet had previously been heard four times at these concerts, and may now be briefly dismissed. It is a dry, diffuse, and laboured piece of mere technical workmanship, which would fail to produce any effect but for excellence of rendering such as that of Saturday's performance. In the sonata, Mr Halle displayed all that neatness and clearness of execution and thoughtful interpretation in which he has so long excelled. Herr Franz Ries' prelude, romance, and scherzo for violin as repeated "by desire," with the advantage of Mdme Norman-Néruda's refined playing, as before; and Beethoven's string trio in G—by the lady violinist in association with Herr Straus and Signor Piatti—completed the instrumental programme. Mr Santley was the vocalist. His first song was Signor Piatti's "Hymn to God the Father," given with such marked success by the same singer at a recent concert. The other vocal piece on Saturday was Gounod's "Le nom de Marie." This week's evening concert brought forward—for the first time here—a pianoforte quartet by Anton Dvorák. A sextet and a quartet—both for stringed instruments—by the same Bohemian composer had previously been introduced at the Popular Concerts, and some of his orchestral works have been heard at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere. Of these latter, his "Slavonian Dances," and "Rhapsodies" are the most interesting as being strongly impressed with a distinctive national character, and not being amenable to such principles of coherent structural form and development as should, more or less, govern the composition of works of the symphonic class. The quartet given on Monday night had twice before been heard through the agency of Mr Halle—at his series of recitals at the Grosvenor Gallery in May and June last. There is, therefore, no occasion now to say more than that its interest does not increase by repeated hearing, not even when so admirably played as it was by Mr Halle in association with Mdme Norman-Néruda, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti. The most successful portion is the middle movement, an *andantino*, with variations, some of the elaborations being ingenious and effective. In the first *allegro* and the final *allegretto* some detached themes, agreeable in themselves, are strung together so loosely and surrounded with so much discursive and laboured surplusage that the effect of the whole work is disappointing, not to say wearisome. Its performance on Monday added another to many instances of the factitious importance given by fine execution to music that is really commonplace, however pretentious in assumption. Mr Halle's solo piece was Schubert's pianoforte sonata in A major, a late and posthumous work by the composer. Here, also, diffuseness and over-prolongation are apparent in its principal movements, with this difference from much of the music of the day, that Schubert's inventive power scarcely ever fails him, and his subject-matter is rarely, if ever, commonplace, although it may be occasionally overwrought. The sonata was very finely rendered, especially the *scherzo* and the final *rondo*. Another charming solo performance was that of Mdme Norman-Néruda in Handel's sonata in D, for violin (with pianoforte accompaniment), the instrumental selection having closed with Haydn's quartet in E flat (from Op. 71); a bright and genial work of the past, in which imaginative genius and artistic power are combined in a way to throw into lamentable contrast the dreary boredom of much (we might, perhaps, say most) of the laboured productions of the present that assume symphonic dimensions and importance with an absence of any intrinsic title thereto. The vocalist of the evening was Miss Santley, who sang Mozart's aria, "Zeffiretti" (from *Idomeneo*), and Gounod's song, "Esclave et Reine," with great charm and refinement. Mr Zerbini officiated, as usual, as accompanist, with the exception of Handel's sonata, the pianoforte part of which was sustained by Mr Halle.—D. N.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—At the sixth Saturday Afternoon Concert the specialties were Mdlle Janotha's performance of Beethoven's Concerto in G, and of some unaccompanied solos, and, for the first time here, of Mr F. Corder's "Nocturne" for orchestra, composed for and produced at Mr Kuhe's recent Festival at Brighton. Mr Corder's Nocturne is graceful and melodious, and was favourably received. Mdme Howitz, a lady from Australia, we believe, made her first appearance here, and displayed a powerful voice in "Hear ye, Israel" (*Elijah*). Mozart's Symphony in G minor, and Weber's overture to *Oberon*, completed the programme. At to-day's concert Miss Anna Harkness, a new lady violinist, is announced to appear.

MR WALTER BACHE'S RECITAL.—This gentleman's twelfth annual performance of pianoforte music took place at St James's Hall on Monday afternoon, when his programme consisted entirely of original compositions by Franz Liszt—of whose works Mr Bache has long been an enthusiastic executant and zealous expounder. At several of his annual orchestral concerts Mr Bache has brought forward, for the first time in England, some of Liszt's ambitious symphonic works in which the composer assumes a poetical and metaphysical mission such as would require the genius of a Beethoven worthily to fulfil. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the merits of these pretentious effusions, thanks are due to Mr Bache for the opportunities afforded by him for English hearers to form their opinion by means of excellent performances. Monday's recital of unaccompanied pianoforte pieces calls for little remark beyond a record of Mr Bache's earnest expositions of the music of his favourite composer, friend, and instructor. The most ambitious piece in the selection was the sonata in B minor dedicated to Schumann, of which an elaborate analysis—including an enthusiastic eulogium—was furnished to the audience, for their acquiescence or otherwise. Of this violently eccentric sonata we have before spoken in reference to its previous public performance, and need now say no more than to express the full belief that it will be generally comprehended and admired when the sonatas of Beethoven, Clementi, Dussek, and other classical masters are forgotten—scarcely before that far distant period. The other pianoforte pieces in Mr Bache's programme were the fugue in the letters of Bach's name, B. A. C. H. (B meaning b flat, and H b natural in German notation); three "Etudes"; "Sonetta di Petrarca" (from the *Années de Pèlerinage*), *Valse Oubliée*, and *Pesther Carnaval* (No. 9 of *Rhapsodies Hongroises*). In all these Mr Bache's laboriously cultivated powers of execution were successfully manifested, his efforts having been much applauded in each instance. An agreeable contrast was given to the instrumental music by Mr Oswald's refined singing in two *Lieder* by Liszt—"Die drei Zigeuner" and "In Liebeslust."—*Daily News*, Nov. 8.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—The announcement of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* by the Choral Society of the Royal Albert Hall, on Wednesday evening last, awakened the usual public interest, and an enormous audience was present, including the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, to listen to a performance which, in attractiveness, it would be impossible to surpass, whether as regards the celebrity of the principals, the efficiency of the orchestra, or the force and grandeur of Mr Barnby's well-disciplined choir. Under these circumstances, the enjoyment of all present could but be of that high and ennobling kind which ever attends a due and complete representation of Mendelssohn's matchless work. Mdme Albani has, within the last year or two, given so many proofs of her admirable fitness for the interpretation of the chief soprano part as to render it superfluous to say more than that, upon the present occasion she was quite equal to herself, and, consequently, to the music. She sang throughout the evening with a fervour, grace, and brilliancy which have never been excelled in the executive annals of the oratorio. Her delivery of the exhortatory air, "Hear ye, Israel," was a superb display of declamatory vocalism; while her assistance in those touching exhortations and admonitions assigned to the intervening "Angels" lent all the charm to them of which they are so eminently susceptible. The contralto responsibilities were borne by that intelligent and useful vocalist, Mdme Isabel Fassett, whose efficiency was tested agreeably in everything that was confided to her, and whose delivery of the lovely air, "O rest in the Lord," left, in spite of obtruding comparisons, but little to be desired. Like Mdme Albani, Mr Santley challenges but passing notice, for his rendering of the music of the Prophet has long been among the most famous of his achievements, being, as it unquestionably is, one of those exceptional combinations of fine natural endowment with highly cultured art to which we can call to mind but few parallels. That Mr Joseph Maas would sing the beautiful air, "If with all your hearts," and fulfil all the other duties devolving upon him well and truthfully it is needless to say. This excellent artist is always welcome. He touches nothing that he does not adorn, thanks to the sympathetic quality of his voice and his skilful and judicious management of it. The remaining vocalists were Miss Marianne Fenna, Miss Dones, Mr Arthur Thompson, and Mr Henry Cross, whose services in the several concerted pieces in which they were engaged were uniformly satisfactory. Mr Barnby conducted with his accustomed vigilance and spirit, and, by means of the skilled amateur society over which he presides so wisely and so well, invested the magnificent choruses of the oratorio with as much majestic and illustrative effect as it was probably possible to attain.

H.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE PEOPLE OF ST. GILES'S, BLOOMSBURY.—A concert of a good class was given in the Girls' Schoolroom, Endell Street, on Monday, Nov. 13, the vocalists being Misses Ellis, Walton, Henden-Warde, and Sanders, Messrs Addison and John Cross. The pianists were Misses Carr, Moseley, Millard, and Mr F. Sewell Southgate. The violinist was Miss Colvina Waite. Miss Ethel Lloyd recited "The Dream of Eugene Aram," and an orchestra of ladies and gentlemen, including more than one *titled* performer, gave a most efficient rendering of a cleverly written "toy symphony," composed by Miss Carr, Moseley, R.A.M. The building was crowded to excess with a highly delighted and enthusiastic audience.

—o—
PROVINCIAL.

GLASGOW.—Last night's representation of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* by the Carl Rosa company was a commendable one, keeping in view the severe demands of the author on all concerned. All things considered, band and chorus got amazingly well over their work. The music of the heroine was assigned to Mdlme Valleria, who, thoroughly grasping its poetic significance, carried her audience with her throughout. Alike in the scene with Erik in Act 2, and in the great duet with the "Dutchman," she sang with rare sweetness and pathos, the needful vocal power being also imparted in the more dramatic passages. In the duet just named Mdlme Valleria was joined by Mr Ludwig, whose declamatory music in the opening act was artistically delivered, and whose conception of the spectre-captain is in most respects admirable. Mr M'Guckin personated Erik, phrasing the cavatina in the last act with delightful effect; and Mr Henry Pope, as Daland, made probably his most successful appearance of the week. His air, when soliciting from Senta a friendly welcome for Vanderdecken, was exceedingly well sung. Mr John Pew ably conducted the performance, which, as we have said, was witnessed by an overflowing audience. Before the commencement of the opera Mr Knapp found his way to the gallery, and, in a few well-chosen sentences, declined to believe that former unseemly proceedings at another house could be charged against our young friends at Gilmorehill. His observations were received with unmistakable demonstrations of good humour.—*Nor. 18.*

Another account.—An immense audience assembled on Friday week, to witness Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*. The performance was a complete triumph and the reception of the opera warmer than that accorded to any other representation by Mr Carl Rosa's Opera Troupe during their present engagement. Public interest with regard to the performance was naturally enough centred in the Senta of Mdlme Valleria, and her vocal and dramatic efforts in the character were responded to by plaudits amounting to little short of an ovation. The character is, for the music entrusted to it, one of the most difficult and trying that can fall to the lot of any *prima donna*, but Mdlme Valleria's execution of it proved her in every respect worthy to take rank in the character with either Ilma di Murska or Frau Sucher. Never before have we heard her to more if to so much advantage. Her histrionic efforts were in every way worthy of her vocalization. Her conception of the character is most artistic, and was characterised last evening by a repose and ease which is the legacy only of the experience of the most refined and finished artists. The Vanderdecken of Mr Ludwig was also very satisfactory, as were also the Daland of Mr Henry Pope, the Eric of Mr M'Guckin, the Mary of Miss M. Walsh, and the Steersman of Mr B. Davies.—*Daily Mail*.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Cambridge Musical Society gave their usual "terminal concert" in the Guildhall on Tuesday evening, Nov. 14. The work performed was Handel's *Esther*, under the direction of Mr W. C. Dewberry; the solo singers were Miss Carlotta Elliott, Miss Alice Farren, Mr Vernon Rigby, Messrs Henry Blower and Haggard. Mr F. Dewberry presided at the organ. Miss Carlotta Elliott, in "Flatt'ring tongue," was particularly good. Mr Vernon Rigby's "O beauteous Queen," and "How can I stay when love invites," were undoubtedly the gems of the evening. This gentleman—says the *Cambridge Chronicle*—always reminds us of Sims Reeves in his most robust style; his refined taste and exquisite pathos fairly brought down the house, and still further reminds one of the great English tenor. The part of the young Israelite was ably sustained by Miss Alice Farren, a local artist who has been trained at the Royal Academy of Music. The choruses went splendidly throughout, and the orchestra, led by Mr F. Ralph, left little to be desired.

BRIGHTON.—At the Aquarium last Saturday Mdlme Cave Ashton's "opera company" concluded their engagement by giving excerpts from Wallace's *Maritana* in the morning, and from *Il Trovatore* in the evening. The concert in aid of the funds of the Brighton Hove and Sussex Throat and Ear Dispensary, was given last week at the

Pavilion, as also Signor Conti's, on Thursday, in the same *locale*, assisted by Signori Scalzi and Sajeghi, Messrs William Shakespeare, Horscroft and Haughton. Signor Conti was not in good voice but his companions were, especially Mr Shakespeare, so that the selection from Bellini's *Puritani* went off much better than was expected. Miss Kuhe's concert is announced for this morning at the Pavilion Dome, at which the Misses Robertson, Miss Ella Lemmens, Mdlme Antoinette Sterling, Miss Terry, Messrs Bernard Lane, Edward Lloyd and Santley are announced to sing, and Mr. Henry Irving to recite "The dream of Eugene Aram" and Charles Dickens's "Copperfield and the Waiter."

SALISBURY.—On Wednesday evening, Nov. 15th, the third of the series of Miss Aylward's chamber concerts was given at the Assembly Rooms, in aid of the fund for re-pewing St Thomas' Church. The singers were Miss José Sherrington, Mr A. Burnett, Mr W. E. Whitehouse, and some gentlemen of local musical eminence. Miss Sherrington, says the *Salisbury Times*, possessed a beautiful voice, wealthy in tone, and of wonderful compass, a style chaste and brilliant, her notes never in the highest range losing their sweetness. In a mazurka of Chopin's, arranged for the voice, "Tu commandes qu'on t'oublie," she, after a most brilliant *cadenza*, took a splendid high D. Her other songs, Rubinstein's "Du bist wie eine Blume," Schumann's "Widmung," Mendelssohn's "Reislied," a new song of Tosti's "That day," and "Home, sweet Home," (which she gave in response to an encore for the preceding song), were in no wise less worthy the vocalist. Of the instrumental performances we must especially allude to the "Variations concertantes" for piano and violoncello (Mendelssohn), which Miss Aylward and Mr Whitehouse rendered with skill. A sonata, in A major, of Bach's, for violin and piano (Mr Burnett and Miss Aylward), and a charming string quartett of Haydn's (No. 1, Op. 76), by Mr A. Burnett, Rev. E. H. Moberley (violin), Messrs A. Foley (viola), and W. E. Whitehouse (violoncello). Beethoven's trio in C minor (Miss Aylward, Messrs A. Burnett and W. E. Whitehouse) concluded the concert. Mr A. Aylward was accompanist.

—o—
CARL ENGEL.

We regret to have to record the death, on the 17th inst., unfortunately under very painful circumstances, of Mr Carl Engel, the well-known collector of musical instruments and learned writer upon them. The fine collection of instruments at South Kensington was partly gathered by him, and the catalogue describing them, published in 1874, a masterpiece of erudition and lucid arrangement, was from his pen. His works upon musical subjects, chiefly historical or ethnological, have become of standard authority, and it is understood that his *magnum opus*, a continuation of the South Kensington catalogue, a voluminous work, including all the musical instruments known in the world, and, happily, completed, will be published under the auspices of the Department of Science and Art. Mr Engel was only sixty-four years old. He was a native of Hanover, and pupil of Hummel, but had resided the greater part of his life in England, and at Kensington, where he died.

LEIPSIC (*Correspondence*).—The programme of the Fifth Gewandhaus Concert was thus constituted: Part I.—Overture to *Coriolanus* (Beethoven); Air from *Elijah* (Mendelssohn); Pianoforte Concerto in G major, with the original cadences (Beethoven); Songs, with Piano Accompaniment (Franz Schubert, Adolf Jensen and Carl Reinecke); Pianoforte Solos (J. S. Bach, Carl Reinecke and Mendelssohn). Part II.—Symphony (without Minuet) in D major (Mozart). The vocalist was Herr Paul Jensen, of the Theatre Royal, Dresden; the pianist, Mdlle Mary Krebs, who played superbly, and was rapturously applauded. The sixth concert was dedicated to the memory of Mendelssohn, and all the works performed emanated from his pen. They were: Part I.—Motet for Eight-part Chorus, "Mitten wir im Leben sind" (words by Luther); Air from *Elijah*; "Ave, Maria," for Tenor, Eight-part Chorus, and Orchestra. Part II.—Symphony in A major; Air from *Die Hochzeit des Camacho*; Overture, "The Hebrides"; Finale from the unfinished opera of *Loreley*. Two of the above pieces, the motet and the air from *Die Hochzeit des Camacho*, were novelties in Leipsic. The world-renowned Violin Concerto, also, was to have been included in the programme, but, owing to the illness of Mdlle Marianne Eissler, of Vienna, who should have been the executant, it was omitted. The vocalists were Moran-Olden, Oldenburg Grand-Ducal chamber singer, and Heddmont, of the Leipsic Stadttheater.

MARIE KREBS.

(From the *Leipziger Tageblatt.*)*

"As regards execution, the Concerto in G major is certainly more difficult than that in E flat major. It demands less strength, it is true, from the player, but, to make up for this, more agility and, finally, more lasting power. With respect to expression, there is less need of a passionate going-out-of-one's-self than inward warmth united to gracefulness. As a rule, artists who quite satisfy all the demands made on them by the Concerto in G major are rare. That foremost among those naturally qualified for this task stands Marie Krebs, yesterday evening amply proved. It was a great, a magnificent treat to see so gifted a performer combine with so intelligent an orchestra in such a work. Words of gold are due to them for what they did. Yet it is precisely when a writer is actuated by the best intentions that his critical pen sometimes fails him. If I must declare my firm conviction, it is : that no one is capable of rendering the G major Concerto with greater clearness, technically, as well as generally, with more life and truth, than Mdlle Marie Krebs. With the most earnest attention I could not find a shortcoming anywhere : her runs, her shakes, her tone—everything was a model of perfection, a marvel. But what most especially enhanced the impression produced was the noble repose exhibited by the fair executant; there was nothing inconsiderate, no hurried expression, but everywhere the same thorough command, conscious of the aim it had in view, over the task to be accomplished. Owing to the intentional restraint kept on herself by the player, the entire Concerto appeared to be shaded one degree deeper than usual, but, judging from the artistic success, this rendering, which raises the expression so extraordinarily, may be designated as appropriate. That Mdlle Krebs played the original cadences was probably an interesting fact for many persons. Beethoven, as we know, himself wrote cadences to some of his concertos, and several to the Concerto in G major. But, if by means of the cadence an opportunity is to be offered the player of presenting in a virtuoso-like and condensed form the passport of what has preceded, no one can be angry with other artists for adopting the perhaps more grateful cadences of Reinecke, Bülow, Clara Schumann, &c. On the other hand, and as a matter of course, we cannot object to the feeling of reverence which causes Marie Krebs to remain, here as elsewhere, true to the Master.

"In the way of solo-pieces, Mdlle Krebs played the D minor Toccata by Bach-Starke, a Gavotte, Op. 129, by Reinecke ; and the Prelude in D major, from Op. 104, by Mendelssohn—the Toccata with the greatest possible energy ; the Gavotte, a very grateful piece, with exceeding gracefulness ; and the Prelude with astounding fluency. This last work is a kind of *Perpetuum Mobile*, the execution of which is rendered even more difficult than it otherwise would be because the semi-quavers are given to both hands. The extra piece ('Am Springbrunnen'), by H. Scholz, was of a pleasing character."

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EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT NO. 6.

1786.

(Continued from page 725.)

There were three grand performances this year at Westminster Abbey, by command, and under the patronage of their Majesties. They commenced on the 31st of May ; and were under the direction of the honorary noble president, and the noble vice-presidents of the Royal Society of Musicians, so styled by command of the King, George the Third. Mdlme Mara and Mrs Billington were at the head of the vocal corps, and Cramer led the band, which was considerably increased in number. The profits of these performances were applied in aid of the fund of the Royal Society of Musicians, the Westminster Hospital, and the Sons of the Clergy. Their Majesties were accompanied by the Queen's brother, the Prince of Mecklenburg, the Princess Royal, and five other princesses. The Abbey was thronged at the performance of *The Messiah*. At the last rehearsal, owing to some neglect, there were not the customary refreshments prepared for the magistrates who attended. On Mr Justice B—d entering the room wherein they had been usually displayed, and not seeing any preparation for them, he said, with surprise, "Are we not to have any of the good things of this world to-day?" Being answered in the negative, "Oh!" said he, "if that's the case, I can be of no use here ; so I wish you a good morning," and departed ! That justices of the peace have been long famed for good living, admits of no doubt : indeed, it may be clearly traced as far back as the reign of Elizabeth (who, by the bye, loved a good beefsteak for breakfast), for Shakspere describes one, "With fair round belly, with capon lined ;" and, if we may hazard a con-

* *Apropos* to her recent performance at the last Gewandhaus concert.

jecture, the science of gastronomy might have been known amongst the quorum, even at a much more remote period.

Mr Justice Collick, the hair merchant of St Martin's Lane, with whom I was acquainted, displayed a different disposition to his before-named worship, being, though a little eccentric, kind and liberal. He was good-natured, though at times he affected to be severe. He did not care a straw for money, while he was desirous to appear frugal. He had acquired a large fortune in trade, and was from habit still so devoted to it, that though he had an elegant house at Clapham, where he always slept, he never failed being in his carriage at nine in the morning, Sundays excepted, and in the midst of his business at ten. Mr Collick, who was in the commission of the peace for Middlesex, having no family, was at all times happy to see a few of his old friends, mostly musical ones, drop in at the dinner hour, for whom preparations were made whether they came or not. Among the oldest and most intimate was Mr Crosdill, the celebrated violoncello player, who, when he intended visiting Collick, proceeded to the fishmonger, poulterer, &c., of the latter, and directed those articles he preferred to be sent to his house for dinner. When Collick was informed of such arrivals, he pretended to be displeased, exclaiming, "Ah ! now I see that scapegrace, Jack Crosdill, is coming, rot him !" while he was secretly highly gratified. Indeed, the most happy hours of his life were those in which his friends passed their time with him in that manner. The old gentleman being one day taken with a fit of economy, and considering that his servants consumed at their luncheons an unreasonable quantity of cheese, hit on a scheme by which he thought he would restrain them in future. He posted to the warehouse of his brother magistrate, Slaughter, the cheesemonger, and desired to see a good and strong Cheshire cheese. After having tasted two or three which he thought too mild, they produced one which they called a peeler, a name appropriate enough, it having blistered his tongue while tasting it. "Ay," said Collick, "this is quite the thing I wanted. Send it to my house." The servants, however, rejected the peeler, and in future ate meat instead of it. Collick at length discovering this, through the increased amount of his butcher's bill, said to himself, "I see my scheme don't take, I have been too cunning for myself ;" and, ringing his bell for the servants, good-humouredly told them that, "as they could not eat the peeler themselves, they might send it as a present to the fire-eater, who would perhaps think it too mild."

Vauxhall Gardens opened for the season on the first of June, with a brilliant fête, entitled "The Vauxhall Jubilee," the gardens having been established half a century. Mr Incledon sang there that season for the first time, with great applause. The songs, &c., by Mr Hook were appropriate and pleasing.

Walking with James Hook, the composer, and his first wife, to view the British Museum, we were accosted by a female beggar, one of the most miserable in appearance imaginable. The poor creature, who solicited alms, had neither shoe nor stocking on, and her dress consisted literally of "shreds and patches," while she amused herself, during the whole of her solicitation, with a practice well-known north of the Tweed, that of scratching her thigh. The applicant being disgusting as well as wretched, Hook, who was never at a loss for a pun, in order to get rid of her (which was no easy thing), wrapt some money in a piece of paper, and keeping at a respectful distance, dropped it into her hand, saying at the same time, "There, good woman, is sixpence for you ; but I must say, you are a very *feel-thigh* (filthy) woman."

A translation of the popular French piece, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre on the twentieth of October, with the original music by Grétry. Miss Romanzini (afterwards Mrs Bland) sang the pretty chanson, "The merry dance," with great *naïveté* and effect. The character of Richard was acted by Mr John Kemble, who, though he had not a singing voice, got through the two-part song, on which the plot hinges, better than was expected. At one of the rehearsals of this piece Kemble, who had got the tune of it tolerably well, being very deficient in keeping the time, Mr. Shaw, the leader of the band, impatiently exclaimed, "Mr Kemble, that wont do at all ! you *murder* time abominably !" "Well, Mr Shaw," replied Kemble, "it is better to *murder* it, than to be continually *beating* it as you are."

(To be continued.)

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MADRID.

(Correspondence.)

Don Eusebio Gonzalez is appointed professor of the flute at the Conservatory here.—The Italian opera company from the Theatre in the Calle de la Libertad are now in Seville.—Mdlle Sembrich has made another great hit—this time as Ophelia in Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*. Lhérit, who made his *début* in the Spanish capital, as Hamlet, was well received.

WAIFS.

Wagner is writing his autobiography.

Bianca Donadio was very successful in Malaga.

The Liceo, Barcelona, will shortly be re-opened.

Carolina Ferni is engaged at Lyons for the Carnival.

Peschka-Leutner is engaged at the Stadttheater, Cologne.

Mdme Scalchi is expected at New York from Buenos Ayres.

A new periodical, *Cuba Musical*, has appeared in Havannah.

An "Austrian Ladies' Vocal Quartet" has arrived in Paris.

The number of theatres in the United States is said to be 4,500.

It is expected that Gayarre will sing next season in Buenos Ayres.

The Danish pianist, Edmund Neupert, has been well received in New York.

It is announced from Montevideo that the tenor Guardenti has lost his reason.

Masini is engaged for next season at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

The Theatre of the new Casino, Nice, will be inaugurated in the early part of January.

Mdme Etelka Gerster has made a successful *début* as a concert-singer in St Petersburgh.

Von Perfall's opera, *Raimondin*, has been given at the Grand Ducal Theatre, Carlsruhe.

The reported approaching marriage of Arrigo Boito with Erminia Borschi-Mamò is contradicted.

La Mascotte was to be given last Thursday or Saturday, at the Teatro-Circo de Price, Madrid.

Wilhelm Hill's prize-opera, *Alona*, is in rehearsal at the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

From Algiers comes the announcement that Vieuxtemps' daughter, the wife of Dr Ludonesky, is dead.

Mdme Théo has sailed from New York for Havannah, postponing her Boston engagement till March.

The ballet for which Rubinstein has composed the music will be produced at St. Petersburgh in January.

Rubinstein's *Demon* has been revived at the Stadttheater, Cologne, where it was first performed last season.

Among the works to be produced this season at Bucharest, are *L'Étoile du Nord*, *Carmen*, and *Haiducul*.

Teresina Tua is bound to Herr Alfred Fischoff till the 1st January. He thinks of taking her to St Petersburgh.

Gayarre chose *La Favorita* for his *début* at the San Carlo, Lisbon, and met with a highly favourable reception.

The Vigo press speak in high terms of the *Africaine* as performed by the Italian company under Sig. Tamberlik.

Ch. Gounod directed the last rehearsal and first two public performances of his *Tribut de Zamora* in Antwerp.

Victor Gluth, formerly conductor at the Gärtnerplatz Theater, Munich, has written an opera entitled *Zladaroy*.

Varesi proved so successful in Warsaw that her engagement was extended by five nights, all she had still left free.

According to report, Verdi will be present at the first performance of *Simon Boccanegra*, at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome.

Two new operas, *Cachupin en Catarrocha*, by Ximenes, and *El Canario Grio* by Plà, are in preparation at Valencia.

To-day a meeting of the Committee is convened to elect a new scholar for the Mendelssohn Scholarship Foundation.

Mdme Szarvady (Wilhelmine Claus) has determined to devote herself once more to giving instruction on the piano.

Eugene Gura will play a short starring engagement at the Theatre Royal, Munich, between the 8th and 18th December.

Mad. Pauline Lucen goes to Berlin at the end of the present month and will appear six times at the Royal Operahouse.

The Becker Trio, the daughter and two sons of Jean Becker, opened their first tour successfully on the 31st at Heidelberg.

Mdille Isaac, of the Opéra-Comique, Paris, leaves next July for the Grand Opera, where she will receive 8,000 francs a month.

The Municipal Council, Nice, have voted the money to build a new Italian Operahouse on the site of that burnt down in 1880.

Henrik Westberg, the Swedi-tenor, sang at the first concert of the Orchestral Association, Breslau, and made a good impression.

Negotiations are pending between Botistini, the baritone, and Mr Gye. (Mr Gye is becoming more or less omnivorous.—Dr Blidge.)

Among the operas included in the carnaval repertory at Parma are Auteri's *Stella*, and Halévy's *Reine de Chypre*; the latter a novelty in Italy.

On the conclusion of her engagement in Madrid, Mad. Sembrich will go, by way of Dresden and Warsaw, to St Petersburgh and Moscow.

Pollini has purchased the right of performing Gounod's *Redemption* in Germany, and will produce it first at the Stadttheater, Hamburg.

Rafel Joseffy, the Austrian pianist, was announced to appear at a series of six orchestral concerts given by Theodore Thomas in Philadelphia.

Johann Strauss himself conducted the 250th performance of his buffo-opera, *Der lustige Krieg*, at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, Berlin.

Dr Rust, Preceptor at the Thomasschule, Leipzig, and a great Bach scholar, has been created honorary member of the St Cecilia Academy, Rome.

Victor Chéri, brother of the late celebrated Rose Chéri, and for many years conductor at the Paris Gymnase, was lately found dead in his own house.

Miss Catherine Penna has returned from a successful tour in the provinces, where she has been singing the soprano parts in the principal oratorios.

Stefano Ronchetti-Monteviti, born at Asti, the 18th September, 1814, and formerly director of the Milan Conservatory, has died at Casale-Monferrato.

Herr and Mdme Lissmann, members of the company at the Stadttheater, Bremen, are engaged for next season at the Stadttheater, Hamburg.

The sale of subscription tickets for the Symphony Society Concerts, New York, is (said to be) almost double this year what it has ever been before.

The two Richter concerts in St James's Hall, for the benefit of the members of his orchestra, are said to have realized more than one thousand pounds.

Der Chevalier von San Marco, a buffo opera, with music by Joseph Bayer, first produced at New York, has proved successful at the Carl-Theater, Vienna.

Jacob Kunkel, member of the firm of Kunkel Brothers, publishers of *Kunkel's Musical Review*, St Louis, U. S., died unexpectedly, aged 36, on the 16th October.

Wilhelm Kleinecke, member of the orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has written the music and words of *Rosamunde*, a five-act opera.

Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, with Sucher and Winkelmann in the leading parts, was produced on the 11th inst. at the Stadttheater, Hamburg, for the first time.

Aldighieri, the barytone, and Signoretti, the tenor, have organized a performance at the San Carlo, Lisbon, for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations in Italy.

Subscriptions have been flowing in freely of late at St Petersburgh, Moscow, and elsewhere in Russia, towards the monument to be erected at Smolensk in memory of Glinka.

Liban, the Mime of Angelo Neumann's *Nibelungen* Company, has signed for several years, commencing on the 1st June, 1883, with the management of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

According to the *Mundo Artístico* of Buenos Ayres, the composer Gomez is working at no fewer than three operas—*Leona*, *Ninon de l'Enclos*, and *Palma*.—(It is to be hoped he may produce only one at a time.—Dr Blidge.)

Max Bruch goes in April to America, for the purpose of directing the performance of several of his choral works in New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, and other large towns. At the conclusion of his tour he returns to Liverpool.

Mr Charles Salaman, who has already written music to "Love Songs" in several languages, notably Greek and Latin, has just completed a musical setting of the original text of a Hebrew love song by Rabbi Jehuda ben Sabbathai Hallevi, of Barcelona, who lived about A. D. 1150. This song will shortly be published.—*Athenaeum*.

On Tuesday Dr Diplock held an inquest at 54, Addison Road, Kensington, on the body of a German gentleman named Carl Engel, sixty-four, who was found dead on Saturday morning last, on which day he was to have been married to a Miss Lawrence. It appeared that on Friday evening last the deceased retired to bed in his usual health. On the following morning his bedroom door was found to be locked. The door was broken open, and the deceased was found dead, suspended by a strap which was fastened through a hole cut in the cupboard door. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased committed suicide whilst in a state of unsound mind.

An organ, which is to have 120 speaking stops, is (according to the *Leipziger Zeitung*) being built by Walter & Co., in Ludwigsburg, near Stuttgart, for the Cathedral at Riga. As it is to have all the most modern improvements, it will be the most elaborately-designed instrument there is. It will be so constructed that it can be played from an upper gallery or from below. The whole upper portion is to be blown by gas motors, and the lower part by hand. Thus two people will be able to play at the same time, one playing the solo, whilst the other plays the *tutti*. It will, according to the above-named journal, be the largest organ in the world, and is to cost 90,000 marks (say £4,500). The great organ in New York has 115 speaking stops.

The concert at the Royal Victoria Coffee Hall in the Waterloo Road, on Monday evening, the 11th December, will be under the direction of Mr Charles Oberthür, when the first part will consist of his cantata for ladies' voices, *The Red Cross Knight*, performed by the South Kensington Ladies' Choir under the direction of Mrs Arthur O'Leary, the solo parts being sung by Misses Howes, Park, O'Leary, Guy, and Fräulein Bertha Kaysel. In the second part Mr Oberthür will play, with his pupil, Miss Fortescue, his brilliant duet for two harps in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. Fräulein Kaysel will give the same author's romance, "Je voudrais être" (with harp accompaniment). Mr Alfred Hemming will sing Blumenthal's "Evening Song," and the South Kensington Ladies' Choir, Schumann's "Gipsy Life" and other choral pieces.

LITTLE MAY.*

Out in the morning's balmy air,
Into the fields so fresh and fair,
Hied Little May,
So blithe and gay,
Into the woods where the flowers
were rare;
There in the nook,
Where the noisy brook
Laughed and murmured all day long,
She stole the flow'r's
From the sylvan bow'r,
And mingled her voice with the water's song.
Into the brook with feet all bare,
Laughing eyes and sunny hair,
Little May stepped,
And her basket kept
All the bright flow'r's she had picked
with care;
But ere she crossed
Her flowers were tossed
Into the stream to her sad dismay.
And Little May cried
At the water side
As the flowers she'd gathered were
swept away.
So in life's early morn we go
Into the fields where pleasures grow,
To gather the flow'r's
Of childhood's boun' s
Before the heart a thorn can know;
But the hour draws nigh
When those pleasures die,
For sorrow's stream comes gliding past,
And ere the day
It has swept away
The joys we fondly thought would last.

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